

*Bee Patient in Trouble:*

OR,

**The Patient mans Counsell;** wherein is shovne the great goodnes  
of God towards them that beare the Crosses and Afflictions of this World pati-  
ently: As also a friendly instruction, whereby to advise us to forsake our  
wonted finnes, and turne unto the Lord by speedy repentance, very meete  
and necessary for Worldlings to marke, reade, heare, and make  
use of.

To the tune of, *Bodkins Galliard.*

**C**ome, come, you greedy worldlings leave your toys,  
Lend me your approbation to my song;  
For I like you was troubled for a while,  
About worldly matters which have done me wrong:  
Now to rebuke that life I am inclin'd,  
He give God thanks and take what I doe finde.

Although of riches once he had great store,  
And was the chiefest man in all the Court,  
Yet was the Lords deare servant brought to poore,  
And of his goods and Cattell dispossest:  
Then patient Iob unto the Earth did fall,  
And heartily did give God thanks for all.

Though on this earth I like as one to poore,  
That few or none regard my company:  
Yet hath the Lord a blessing still in store  
For them that wait his leisure patiently:  
Then let no man despair though meanes be small,  
But in affliction give God thanks for all.

Not onely all the wealth which he enjoyd  
Was quite consum'd and tane from him a way;  
His wive and Daughters likewise were destroyd,  
By a tempestuous weather fell that day,  
The house in peeces on their heads did fall,  
And still poore Iob did give God thanks for all.

When I remember Iob that was so just,  
How he despised was of all his kin,  
And how from poore to pillar he was tust,  
And no man weighed his sorowes not a pin:  
Then unto memory I likewise call,  
That he in troubles gave God thanks for all.

And further to increase his misery,  
His wife to him most wrathfully did say,  
Husband quoth the curse God and yeeld to die,  
So said Iob, I know a better way,  
He not offend my Heavenly makers will,  
He prayse his name and be contented still.

45. 2. 48. 381.



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## The second part, To the same tune.



**T**hus being comfortlesse upon the Earth,  
His day of birth began to call to mind,  
He also thought upon his hours of death,  
And with great griefe these speeches he assigne,  
Naked Came I out of my Mothers Wombe,  
Naked shall I returne unto my Tombe.

Thus Job continued still so pure and holy,  
As holy wretches both of him approve,  
Whom all the world could not entice to sell,  
For God lov'd Job, and Job his God did love.  
And afterward the Lord his fortunes blest,  
With farre more wealth than he before possesst.

This sweet example may for great and small  
Be a direction, how that we may guide  
Our lives, when crosses both to us befall,  
That from these Precepts we may never slide:  
Lord clothe us with that everlasting robe,  
True Faith and Patience like thy Servant Job.

And grant that ever we may put our trust  
In thee alone, which art our strength and Ray,  
Seeing, that earthly treasure is but dust,  
Which soon will perish and consume away:  
Let us desire our sinnes may be forgiven,  
And every day prepare our selves for Heaven.

This world is full of vaine deluding snares,  
The Devil also layes many cunning bailes  
For to intrap our soules at unawares,  
He useth many policies and sleights:  
Just cause have we to flie to Christ with speed,  
And crave his ayd in this our time of neede.

Wherefore let us now with speede forsake,  
Our wonted sinnes wherein we take delight,  
And of our lives and wayes a conscience make,  
And learne to serve the Lord our God aright.  
O let us not our time so long delay,  
But put from us all wickednesse away.

Let the Blasphemer now forgoe his othes,  
And bid the Drunkard leave his stolling wates,  
For God himselfe the sinne of swearing lothes,  
And all good men a Drunkards presence hates:  
Let foule Cretian now be put to flight,  
And Malice quite be banisht out of sight.

Let Envy, Pride and vile Adultery,  
And further, that fierce Spouster part from hence,  
Both Covetousnesse, and Prodigality,  
No more be seene amongst our Gentience:  
So will the Lord our Gods and Cattell blese,  
Our Land and all that ever we possesse.

Our Noble King the Father of our peace,  
The Lord preserve and keepe continually,  
And send the Quene and all their blest increas,  
The deir of thy sweet blessing from on high:  
So shall all English men rejoyce and sing,  
Prayes be given to Christ our Heavenly King.

FINIS.

L.P.

Printed at London for John Wright junior,  
dwelling at the upper end of the  
Old Bailey.

